

Nestles 'Neath the Mountains.

Hastings is a little village seated amid the White Mountains on the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire, and is the most unique in New England, perhaps in the civilized world.

It contains 300 inhabitants within the village proper, while as many more are working out on the slopes of the surrounding mountains. It has two large manufacturing industries, large store and boarding houses, 26 residences, post-office, electric plant, lighting streets, stores, etc., railroad, telephone, fine school, religious societies and services, excellent water system and sewerage—altogether, as many modern conveniences as any village of its size in New England. Yet it is neither city, town, plantation, or even an incorporated place.

Its inhabitants pay no taxes of any sort. The visit of a tax collector in his official capacity is an experience they have never known. Babies have been born here, have grown to manhood and become heads of families and never known what it was to pay one cent for taxes.

There is, of course, a wild-land tax and a state tax on the mill property, but these are paid by non-residents, and are something with which the inhabitants have nothing to do. On the other hand, no inhabitant can vote. They are as a rule, well educated. The people are well posted in current events.

Yet here, in the very heart of New England, is a community who have no more voice or influence in national, state, county or town affairs than as though they lived in the heart of Russia. Here are gray-haired American citizens who have never cast a ballot, and cannot so long as they live here.

It is the most cosmopolitan village in New England. Every nation on earth is well represented here. It was on a day when the correspondent entered the store, in which there is room for a hundred persons in front of the counter. This space was crowded. In one spot Russians conversed in their native language, in another stood some Poles; there were Swedes, Austrians, Danes, Norwegians, French, Irish and many others whose nationality he could not distinguish. It was as if he had been transported to some foreign land.

The houses of the village have a foreign aspect. Those on Main street are about 40x40, two stories high, as square as immense dry goods boxes, painted vermillion red, without blinds, each with six windows and each the counterpart of the other. They are comfortable and in good repair. In the other parts of the village the houses are smaller, mostly four rooms, one story high and resembling more nearly the usual single French and Irish tenements in the manufacturing cities of Maine.

The houses are surrounded by piles of lumber. It is lumber, lumber everywhere. The larger buildings are bound to the earth with chains to prevent the terrific mountain gales from blowing them over.

The most remarkable thing about this most remarkable place is the entire absence of crime. Notwithstanding the heterogeneous population, there are no police, not even a constable. There was a sort of constable here, but his commission expired 6 years ago, and his duties had been so light he did not consider it worth his while to renew it. "I did not have a case brought before me, last year," said the only Trial Justice, Carl Storrs. "This year I have had three cases of so petty a nature as to require only a nominal fine. We never had a jail or even a lockup of any sort."

No person has been sent to any jail or prison from this village since its settlement. This place never had a pauper and has never considered it necessary to make any provision for the support of the poor. Sometimes one of the inhabitants becomes unable to support himself for a while. In such cases the circulation of a private subscription paper has proved ample for his necessities.

Here is the only village in the United States to which there is no carriage road. The only means of transportation to or from the outside world is by a railroad. This railroad starts at Gilead and follows the valley of the Wild river along a route so narrow that in many places there is barely room for the rails. On every other side of the village are mountains so steep that even a foot-man can climb their sides only with difficulty and so high that the sun is visible only part of the day.

When this railroad was first built a few persons ventured to drive a carriage over the ties. But it proved so difficult and dangerous that this method of reaching the village has been abandoned.

A few peddlers once tried to do business with their carts. A locomotive shot round a curve, killed his horse, smashed his cart and scattered his wares over so large a portion of the earth's surface that the poor peddler has not found all of them yet.

This railroad is one of the wonders of New England. It penetrates 14 miles into the wildest defiles of the White Mountains. A ride upon it is a new experience, even to a traveler who has visited every country upon the globe. You follow the sinuous Wild river, whirling around curves of 40 degrees, where it seems impossible for a train to go; you climb the sides of mountains at an elevation of 400 feet to the mile, where a horse could scarcely go and could not haul a load; you shoot down declivities which are almost precipices, where a break in the machinery means death. Once the train did run away and was smashed, killing the trainmen. It is a freight road, not usually taking passengers.

Here was the first successful experiment of hauling logs by rail upon a large scale in New England, and upon this road was used the first patent geared locomotive for mountain climbing in the east.

The school is another unique feature. The schoolhouse was built in 1892 by the two companies who operate here, and the teacher is paid by a contribution from each workman of 10 cents a month. This is taken from each man's wages each pay day and is enough to pay for about 35 weeks of school a year. This term there are 27 pupils.

The only regular religious service is Catholic. Fr. Summa has a church of about 60 members. He uses the schoolhouse. There are regular Protestant Sunday schools and frequent preaching services.

This territory was granted to Richard Batchelder by the state of Massachusetts about 100 years ago. Sixty years ago, four families came here from Fryeburg, Me., cleared this valley, about 100 acres. A few years later they abandoned the settlement. Then "Nigger Tom," a runaway slave, came and became quite rich. From him the village got its more com-

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

What Is Woman's Beauty Which So Powerfully Attracts Men?

Beauty lies less in the features than in the condition and expression of the face. The Creator has endowed every woman with beauty and every woman in good health, who is of a cheerful nature, is beautiful and comely to look upon. A clear, fresh, wholesome look is the result of the possession of good health, and no woman can be beautiful and attractive without good health. The dull, dead, gnawing pain, the sense of nervousness, weakness, oppression and discouragement, the tired, listless, languid feeling, the shooting pains, the aching head, the disordered system, and all these are beauty killers.



be well and strong, and hence look her best, if she will use Dr. Greene's Nervura to give her strong, vigorous nerves, pure, rich blood, a clear complexion, and thus restore the energies and vitality of sound and perfect health.

Read what Dr. Greene's Nervura does for others. It will do the same for you.

Mrs. Mary Frances Lytle of 2 Hunter Alley, Rochester, N. Y., says: "I was very pale and delicate—had no color. I took Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and now I am well and strong, my face is plump, and cheeks red, and my complexion pure."

Mrs. William Bartels, 239 East 87th St., New York City, says: "Dr. Greene's Nervura made a wonderful improvement in my health, and that dark, sallow look left my face. My friends hardly know me. I have gained in flesh and am like a different person."

Mrs. C. S. Allen, of 128 Pearl Street, Portland, Me., says: "There was hardly any more color in my face and hands than in chalk. Dr. Greene's Nervura made me well, and restored my natural color and complexion."

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, of 226 Hartwell's Ave., Providence, R. I., says: "My face broke out with pimples, and I was almost giving up in despair when I got Dr. Greene's Nervura. Now I am well and strong, thanks to this wonderful remedy."

Mrs. S. R. Berry, Lebanon, N. H., writes: "Dr. Greene's Nervura has done wonders for me. I am strong again, and have got back my former looks and good color. A doctor met me a few days ago and said that I was doing wonderfully, that my eyes were bright, and that I looked well."

of dull, leaden complexions, unnatural flushings, dark circles under the eyes, humors, eruptions, black heads, lustreless eyes and other disfigurements which devalue women of their natural gift of beauty. Why be homely when you can be beautiful and attractive? Get good health and with it those looks and attributes which attract, please and fascinate. It is within your power to do so, for it is within every woman's power to

mon name of "Nigger Tom's Opening." Forty years ago, a party of Bethel and D. R. Hastings of Fryeburg bought 20,000 acres here, practically the whole region. In 1891 they sold the right of way through their territory, the mill site at the village and 20 acres to the Wild River Lumber Company of Island Pond, Vt. This company purchased at the same time 40,000 acres of timber in Bean's Purchase, just across the New Hampshire line.

They put in the big steam mill, store, most of the houses, the electric system, water system, saws, etc. They cut their timber at Bean's Purchase and haul it by rail to their steam mill here, which saws 65,000 feet a day, when run to its full capacity.

Carl Storrs may be termed the father of the settlement, as he holds every public office so satisfactorily that no other man has been thought of in connection with the positions.

He is the company's agent, bookkeeper, paymaster, trial justice, postmaster, etc. He was born at Island Pond in 1866, became bookkeeper for a large lumber firm there when 18, and held the position until about the time when the Wild River lumber company was organized and engaged him.—Globe.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Pritchard*

RUMFORD POINT.
Quite a number of the friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mrs. M. S. Caldwell, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 13, it being the occasion of her marriage with Wm. Reed of Bethel. Rev. Mr. Graham of Rumford Center performed the ceremony. Among those who witnessed the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Caldwell, Bertha Caldwell, A. C. Elliott, Mrs. Lydia Elliott, Louise Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Elliott, Luna Abbott, Fred Moody.

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EAST OXFORD.
Ethel M. and Alza E. Billings are visiting their sister, Mrs. Dexter S. White, of Lisbon Falls.

School closed in district No. 6, last Friday, after a term of nine weeks taught by Annie L. Estes of Welchville.

Dexter S. White of Lisbon Falls with his friend, R. H. Howland, of Lewiston, visited at P. J. Billings, the past week.

UPTON.
Pearl island, near Metlak, has also been purchased by Boston parties, who will improve and develop it and erect a summer house upon it.

The people here look upon these as being used in almost every country. They are often named in the Bible, a notable instance being that of Gideon and his band, who took pitchers and lamps and thus frightened the enemy, though the vessels thus named correspond to our jars. The Roman pitchers were really vases. Two handled pitchers, for water, were in use among the Saxons, Germans and French in the sixth century. The resemblance of the Romans here a distinct one, steamers ply the lake, giving connection with the other lakes and thereby with the Swift River. The forest is preserved intact and the railroad and other modern improvements be kept at a proper dis-

tance, there will never be a lack of summer travel in this section.

Mr. Dutton of Houghton, Dutton & Co., Boston, is building a summer house on Metlak island in Umbagog lake. The island contains two or three acres, and receives its name from the famous Metlak, the last of the Androscoggin tribe of Indians, who for a long time dwelt on the shores of Umbagog lake, and near this point Mr. Dutton has built a breakwater of rocks around the island, so that its shores are fully protected. The house is being built near the shore, and follows its contour to quite a degree. It is one story in height and the front will be 117 feet in length. There will be two wings, one of which will be 97 feet long and the other 77 feet. The building will be of considerable width, and will cover quite a surface, thus affording accommodation for a large number. It will contain many fireplaces and will have all conveniences. Mr. Dutton intends to erect a lighthouse on the head of the island and undoubtedly will change the entire island into a veritable paradise of a summer retreat. Mr. Dutton has a nice summer house near Rangleley, but the railroad and its followers are not to his liking, when seeking recreation. He has been in Upton, looking after his interests, but the whole matter is in the hands of Alva Coolidge of Upton. A large crew of men are at work upon the building and the outside work is being hastened as much as possible.

CASTORIA.
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The foundation for the new Naples Bay hotel is nearly completed. The main house is to be 44x169 feet and four stories high, and the ell is to be 44x70 feet and four stories high.

It is reported the International Paper Co. has purchased the lumber mills at Berlin, N. H., and the vast tracts of lumber lands in Maine and New Hampshire owned by the Berlin Mills Co. of Portland.

The Youth's Companion calendar for 1899 is a little ahead of their efforts heretofore in the calendar line. It has beside the calendar the portrait of a beautiful young lady with a panel on either side, representing spring and autumn.

Joshua I. Bragg, formerly of Andover, died at his home in New York on Tuesday, aged 76 years. Only 22 hours later occurred the death of his wife, aged 71 years. They had been married 53 years. Mr. Bragg married the daughter of Isaac P. Bragg, the principal of a school in New York in which he taught for several years. Later Mr. Bragg was conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad. Four sons and one daughter survive.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Pritchard*

Pitchers, or vessels thus named, have been used in almost every country. They are often named in the Bible, a notable instance being that of Gideon and his band, who took pitchers and lamps and thus frightened the enemy, though the vessels thus named correspond to our jars. The Roman pitchers were really vases. Two handled pitchers, for water, were in use among the Saxons, Germans and French in the sixth century. The resemblance of the Romans here a distinct one, steamers ply the lake, giving connection with the other lakes and thereby with the Swift River. The forest is preserved intact and the railroad and other modern improvements be kept at a proper dis-

Thoughts for Thinking.

We would be pleased to receive contributions on all subjects of interest that are worth thinking about.

What We Eat.
We Yankees call ourselves good feeders, but when we compare ourselves to the nations we do not lead so much as we think we do. Our food is the result of taste and circumstances. As meat-eaters we lead the band with 147 pounds to a person annually; the beef-eating Englishman isn't in it with us. He has 100 pounds per year; the Italians have 24 pounds. The solid Britians eat more sugar than we. Their annual consumption per capita is 80 pounds, ours, 73. Spain, although she has owned the sugar producing colonies of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, consumes less sugar than any other nation—7 pounds a head. Holland leads on the consumption of coffee—378 ounces per capita, Denmark, 247, United States, 155. England consumes but 11 ounces per capita, while Russia foots the list at 3. In this country we only eat 4 pounds of rice each. England eats 9, but when we travel around the world to Japan, we find them eating 300 pounds each. The Province of Bombay leads in this eating match of rice—547 pounds for every man, woman and child.

Evidence Against Alcohol.
"For forty years," says N. S. Davis, an eminent American physician, "I have not prescribed alcohol in any case in my practice. Alcohol is not a stimulant. It produces paralysis. The man to whom it is administered has his sensibilities affected and he imagines that he is warmer, or cooler, or better than he really is. He simply does not realize his condition. Instead of benefiting, alcohol in every case injures."

"I have been writing, talking and practicing along these lines since 1850. Ten years ago papers read before medical societies founded upon common sense and actual proof as shown in the condition of patients were covertly sneered at as being simply the vapors of cold water fanatics. To-day things are changing and people are beginning to see that what they need is not alcohol, but a substitute for alcohol, but something which is truly a stimulant and an upbuilder."

The Tramp Question.
It is a notorious fact that Maine is infested with tramps. They live at the expense of others, and are often guilty of robbery and the destruction of property. Doubtless they meet together, discuss and make plans for the furtherance of their cause like an organized body.

The trouble is with the law. In other States, where the laws are stringent, tramps are not to be found. In this State our laws are lenient and Maine is just the place these cast-offs seek. The tramps here are not born here and do their mischief here. The only way to get rid of them is to have stringent laws.

Judge A. H. Walker of Bridgton is on a trip South.

Hunting With Birch Bark Horns.
Many are the methods employed in dowsing the monarch of Maine woods, and doubtless a sportsman is justifying in doing the trick "any old way" so long as he keeps within the bounds of the law, but for a very large proportion of sportsmen there is but one way to hunt moose and that is to "call" them, to imitate with a birch bark horn the cry of the cow while seeking a mate, and by thus working upon the passions of the bull, lure him within range of the deadly repeating rifle.

A well-known hunter declares that moose calling is most unsportsmanlike, as it takes a man advantage of a noble brute, but sentiment does not figure largely in big game hunting, and in spite of the opinion of the Dead river hunter, "calling" is popular and its popularity is increasing.

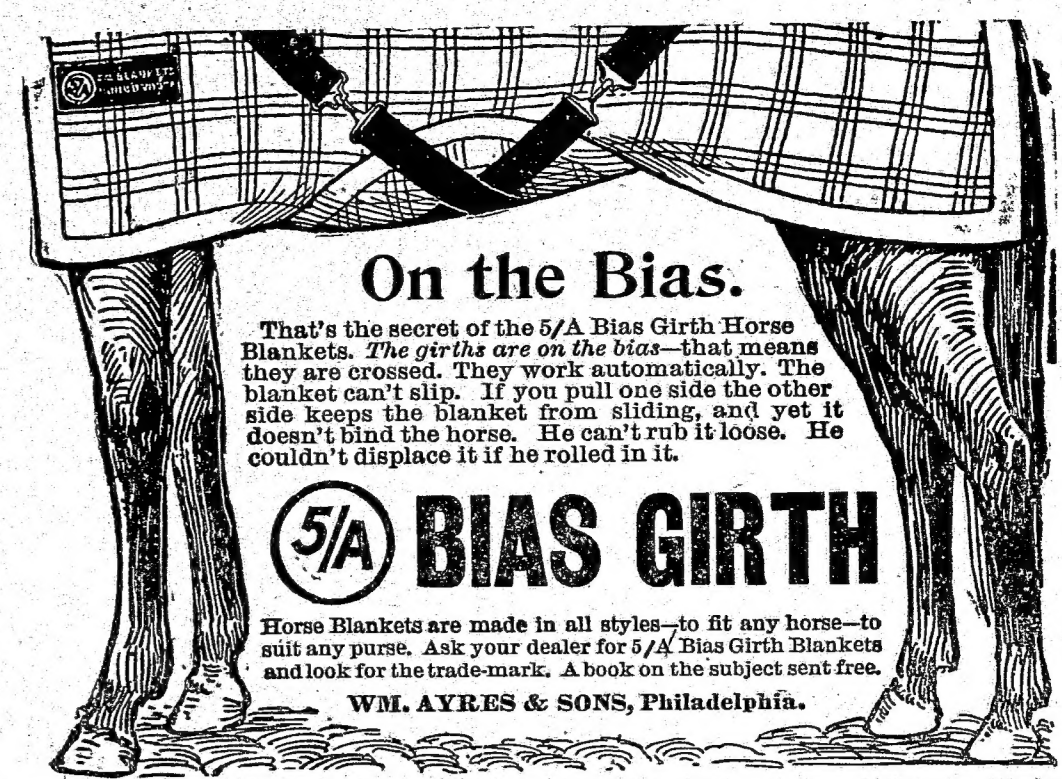
The calling of moose seems to be peculiar to the Moosehead region. One seldom hears the echo of the horn across Dead river bogs; Moosehead is more given to still hunting, but in the stern of every canoe that is silent in Moosehead and Allegash waters after the 15th of October, is seen the bark horn. Two years ago, when Maine hunters first began to hunt the provinces in any numbers, the complaint was general that Canadian guides could not "call," and Maine guides had to be taken along. This year, however, it seems that the boys across the line have so perfected themselves in the art of imitating the cow, that personal motives only may cause one to take his old guide into these new regions.

There are several reasons why moose calling is so fascinating. One, and perhaps the most prominent, is that it is so easy—for the sportsman. Another, because it all happens during the night. About four in the afternoon, just as the shadows of the trees begin to lengthen, the guide knocks the ashes from his pipe and walking to the shore of the lake looks closely at the water, sky and distant forests. Just a ripple, just the slightest motion of foliage in the dying wind. "Come on," he grunts and bundling up in your warmest clothes you seat yourself in the bow of the canoe and are paddled noiselessly to some near by dead water. Private as the canoe is in the shade of an overhanging bank, or perhaps holding it with a paddle out in the open; the guide carefully raises the horn to his lips and sends three, sometimes five, notes echoing and re-echoing across the lowlands. Then he places it as carefully on the bottom of the canoe and listens. If no response comes, he repeats the "call" at intervals of a half an hour.

Suddenly the guide leans forward and by a slight rocking of the canoe attracts your attention. In reply to your look of inquiry, he whispers but one word "coming." And sure enough the keen hearing of the guide caught, far away on a distant ridge, the sound of a breaking branch caused by the horns of a bull. No more calling now, but absolute silence, broken only by the boot of an owl and the splashing of the muskrat.

Again comes to your ears the sound of breaking limbs, this time nearer and more distinct, then you can hear the old fellows tramp along the ridge and his impatient grunting at his inability to force his unwieldy form more quickly to the side of his supposed mate.

These are moments of a life time to the hunter. It is quiet again, but you cannot tell at what moment or from what spot 1200 pounds of aroused moose flesh will burst from the black wall of the forest and with a roar make out into the water. And as you sit there in the bow of the canoe bundled up to your ears and shaking from cold and excitement, you weigh mentally your chances of a kill and question if it is all worth the awful humiliation of a shot and a miss.—[Phonograph.]



On the Bias.
That's the secret of the 5/A Bias Girth Horse Blankets. The girths are on the bias—that means they are crossed. They work automatically. The blanket can't slip. If you pull one side the other side keeps the blanket from sliding, and yet it doesn't bind the horse. He can't roll it loose. He couldn't displace it if he rolled in it.

5/A BIAS GIRTH
Horse Blankets are made in all styles—to fit any horse—to suit any purse. Ask your dealer for 5/A Bias Girth Blankets and look for the trade-mark. A book on the subject sent free.

WM. AYRES & SONS, Philadelphia.

Stuff the Turkey
for Thanksgiving, with the best stuffing you can get or make. Don't have anything inferior about it. Come into my store and let me show you the finest sage ever on sale in this town. Large, ripe, clean whole leaves.

Free from Sticks and dirt.
We have not always been fortunate enough to get such sage as we have this year. We sell it ground or in the leaf. By the way did you know that I carry the best line of spices that I can buy, so for SAGE AND SPICES for Thanksgiving come in and

Talk With Me
and see what the goods are like. The spices are chemically pure, and by that we mean that they are not only absolutely free from adulteration of any kind, but are of the finest grade. They probably cost more than you have been paying, but the quality more than makes up for that, and you will agree with me on this point after you have tried mine.

F. P. STONE, Druggist,
143 Main street, Norway.

Thanksgiving is near at hand.
We have just received

Half a Ton of Raisins
And Other Good Things.

LEGHORN CITRON, CLEANED CURRANTS, SEEDED RAISINS, PRUNES, APRICOTS, FIGS, CRANBERRIES, CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Secure your supplies in good season. Our prices will surprise you by their moderation.

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Also we have in stock misfits and samples which we will close out at a very low price.
Stock Shoes of our own make very low to close.

Come in and see our stock
of Men's shoes before purchasing.

Men's Patent Calf Shoes, Price \$1.50, worth \$4.00.
Men's Tiger Calf Shoes, Price \$2.50.

Mark Down Cash Sale
On and After—
Monday, Nov. 14th, 1898,
—We Shall Make a—

DISCOUNT OF 10 PER CENT.!
From the regular price, on all our large stock of goods, consisting of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, Fur Coats, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes. Men's, Boys' and Children's Underwear, Gloves, Mittens, Overshirts, Suspenders, Ties, etc., etc. This discount will apply to all the goods excepting our 59 cent Laundered Shirts, 35 cent Overalls, and Rubber Footwear. On the Boys' and Children's Suits we will give you a discount of 20 per cent. from the regular price. Remember this is a STRICTLY CASH SALE.

J. F. PLUMMER,
31 Market Square, - - - SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

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MRS. E. G. SKILLINGS

Largest line of trimmed and untrimmed hats this side of the cities. Plenty of room to move. Plenty of help always ready to show goods, whether you purchase or not.

Come In. Don't Stav Away. 116 Main street.

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\$2.75 will be charged when payment is deferred more than one year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Parties wishing the postoffice address of their paper changed must send us both the old and new address.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Business and legal advertisements inserted at reasonable rates and according to space and position occupied.

Cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, obituary poetry, etc., \$1.00 for usual length.

Business specials and readers, 10 cents per line count. Address F. W. SANBORN, Norway, Me.

Coming Events.

Nov. 23—Thanksgiving ball, Robinson Hall, Oxford.
Nov. 24—Drama, "The Flowing Bowl," Robinson Hall, Oxford.
Nov. 24—Thanksgiving.
Nov. 24—Thanksgiving.
Dec. 6—Yonkers Grange, South Paris.
Dec. 6—State dairy conference, Portland.

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Have you received a copy of the Thrice-A-Week World?

It is not as yet, you will. Look the paper through. It will come to you, every other day, for 52 weeks, for only 72 cents in excess of what you pay for the ADVERTISER. \$2.25 secures a copy of your local paper and eight thousand columns of reading matter, besides.

The Thrice-A-Week-World is almost a daily paper. It will visit you, every other day, and keep you posted on the events of the world at large. Address: F. W. SANBORN, Norway, Maine.

Send in the names of all your Thanksgiving visitors; or if you visited tell us that.

At Waterville, Saturday, the Hobron Academy team played football with the Coburn Classical Institute team, winning by a score of 17 to 0.

Samuel D. Graves of Rockland, who served in Co. H, 1st Maine U. S. Vols., is engaged in collecting material for a history of the regiment, which he will compile and write.

Newton Stowell of Dixfield and J. G. Coburn of Carthage, having bought the Little mill at Carthage, are making extensive repairs, preparing to saw at least 1,000 cords of birch this winter.

We club with nearly all the leading papers and magazines in the country. Can save you something in buying your reading matter. Call in and see us or write us naming what papers you wish to club with and your inquiry will receive prompt attention. Address: F. W. SANBORN, Norway, Me.

The Presidential postoffices in this vicinity tell the following story:—
Bethel, gross receipts, \$2,843.83; salary, 1,900; net revenue, 1,938.87.
Bridgton, gross receipts, \$8,160.61; salary, 1,400; net revenue, 1,480.61.
Mechanic Falls, gross receipts, \$2,954.97; salary, 1,900; net revenue, 1,444.97.
Norway, gross receipts, \$5,128.70; salary, 1,600; net revenue, 3,008.35.
Rumford Falls, gross receipts, \$4,123.76; salary, 1,500; net revenue, 2,212.96.
South Paris, gross receipts, \$5,283.90; salary, 1,400; net revenue, 1,701.94.

OXFORD.

Winfield Gammon has erected a carriage house.

Village school closed, last week, after a successful term.

A new club has been organized by the men to be called the Philomathic Club, which numbers ten members, for the reading of different magazines, which makes it very easy for one to pursue their literary taste with very little cost.

ALLEN HILL.—Mrs. Sadie J. Chesley visited at John E. Odway's, last week. She intends to go to Lewiston in the near future where she will dressmake, this winter.

Mr. Allen and family from Paris have moved into the B. H. Donney place. It is reported that Charles Greenleaf is to spend the winter at A. R. Whitman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sawyer are at work for Mrs. Sarah Pottle, for a few weeks.

There will be no school, this week, as teachers and scholars are much in need of a vacation. There is talk of an entertainment, the last of this term, and a good time is anticipated by all.

WEST SUMMER.

Mrs. Estella Canwell from South Paris is visiting friends at West Summer.

When sledding comes 'business will probably be brisk and remunerative in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Pulsifer, Melvina Maxim and W. M. Chandler visited friends at West Summer, the 20th inst.

Our enterprising business men, Messrs. Young & Packard, have contracted for a large quantity of rock maple for which they will pay cash.

W. A. Barrows Post, G. A. R., will hold a camp fire at their hall at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, Dec. 3d. All are cordially invited. The Post will supply beans, coffee and sugar; the pasty by basket picnic.

EAST SWEDEN.

Perley Brown is home from the Norway shoe shop.

W. L. Marr is cutting cordwood for D. T. Adams on the Arthur Flint lot.

Wm. Bennett, we understand, spread the mortar in Ed Stone's house, last week.

H. H. Biebow is ready to saw white birch timber into spool stock at his mill, the coming winter.

D. T. Adams has lately killed a number of hogs and peddled out the lean meat. He has also peddled out one for G. S. Marr.

Advertised Letters, Norway.
Mrs. Edwin Lane,
Alice Fogg,
A. B. Dwinell,
J. S. Keene,
G. Fopin,
Mrs. Wm. T. Everett,
Joseph Lamere,
David A. Edwards,
Fred Kimball.

WEST LOVELL.

Albert Babineau is at home for a few weeks.

Bert Eastman of Fryeburg is at work for Webster Abbott.

A number of young people met at a party at Mrs. Georgia Hatch's, Nov. 14th.

Lena LeBaron of Rumford recently visited at her grandfather's, Wm. LeBaron's.

Victor McAllister has been at work for his father-in-law, Wm. Adams, at North Stonham.

C. D. Lord went to the Center to cut birch for Wm. Fox, who has taken a job there, but was unable to work and came home.

SOUTH ALBANY.

George Abbott went to Harrison, last Tuesday.

Herman Holt is visiting relatives in Hanover.

L. A. Savin has gone down Summer way after oxen.

Pliny Henley has bought a pair of oxen of John Lord.

Mrs. Annie Flint has hired Asa Bartlett for the coming year.

Savin Bros. have sold their oxen to Arthur Morrill of Mason.

Mandall LeBaron of Lovell was through here recently on business.

Léon Kimbalphas commenced his winter's work for P. P. Dresser.

John F. Mason is up from Summer, stopping at his farm awhile.

John F. Mason has been at work for Austin Hutchinson for a few days.

Aggie Sawin recently visited her brother, Harry Sawin, at North Waterford.

Roy Lord was at his father's, J. F. Lord's, last Sunday, also Hugh Smart from Sweden.

Fannie Kimball and Little son of Bethel visited her father, Charles Eames, a few days last week.

Mrs. Leonora Abbott has returned from a two weeks' visit among relatives in Harrison and Bridgton.

Charlie Marston and Bert Stone had the good fortune to secure a deer near the Dresser schoolhouse, last Monday; also Walter Lord and Harvey Stearns got one near there the same day, and that night Roy Wardwell and some others from Albany secured one in P. P. Dresser's pasture.

DIXFIELD.

Little Allen Paul called on her grandparents, Sunday.

Dennis Russell has gone into the woods to work for the winter.

Mrs. J. L. Dunham is boarding his school teacher, Mrs. Will Hall.

H. H. Luce and wife have been visiting in Farmington, the past week.

J. L. Dunham and wife visited their daughter, Mrs. E. Jones, and grandson, last Sunday.

Cyrus Coolidge who has been visiting in the place, for a few weeks, has returned to his home in New Hampshire.

Comfort Mallett.

On Oct. 29, at her old home in Topham, occurred the funeral of Sister Comfort Mallett, one of the oldest members of the Topham Baptist church.

She was the daughter of Thomas and Dorcas Mallett, and was born in Greenwood, June 24, 1815. Shortly afterwards her parents removed to Bethel. After a few years the family removed to Bowdoin, where she lived until her marriage to Collamore Mallett. She then went to live in Topham, where she spent the remainder of her days. She was the last of ten children. Her conversion was quite remarkable and made a lasting impression on her life. It took place during the ministry of Rev. Asen Robbins. She was baptized July 14, 1837, uniting with the Baptist church. Sister Mallett was a woman of great strength of character and to the last manifested a keen interest in life. She had been a widow for many years and resided with her daughter, Mamie Mallett. One of her sons, Dea. George Mallett, lived in the same house, her other son, Emory, living across the way. These sons with their wives delighted to vie with each other in their tender and thoughtful ministrations. The daughter Mamie is left in a peculiarly lonely condition, as she recently lost a sister, who, with her mother, was her constant companion. She will be much missed and mourned by a large circle of friends. The funeral was conducted by Rev. J. D. Graham, a former pastor, and Rev. George H. Stilphen, the present pastor of the Topham church.—[Zion's Advocate.]

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Winfield Gammon has erected a carriage house.

Village school closed, last week, after a successful term.

A new club has been organized by the men to be called the Philomathic Club, which numbers ten members, for the reading of different magazines, which makes it very easy for one to pursue their literary taste with very little cost.

ALLEN HILL.—Mrs. Sadie J. Chesley visited at John E. Odway's, last week. She intends to go to Lewiston in the near future where she will dressmake, this winter.

Mr. Allen and family from Paris have moved into the B. H. Donney place. It is reported that Charles Greenleaf is to spend the winter at A. R. Whitman's.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sawyer are at work for Mrs. Sarah Pottle, for a few weeks.

There will be no school, this week, as teachers and scholars are much in need of a vacation. There is talk of an entertainment, the last of this term, and a good time is anticipated by all.

WEST SUMMER.

Mrs. Estella Canwell from South Paris is visiting friends at West Summer.

When sledding comes 'business will probably be brisk and remunerative in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Pulsifer, Melvina Maxim and W. M. Chandler visited friends at West Summer, the 20th inst.

Our enterprising business men, Messrs. Young & Packard, have contracted for a large quantity of rock maple for which they will pay cash.

W. A. Barrows Post, G. A. R., will hold a camp fire at their hall at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, Dec. 3d. All are cordially invited. The Post will supply beans, coffee and sugar; the pasty by basket picnic.

EAST SWEDEN.

Perley Brown is home from the Norway shoe shop.

W. L. Marr is cutting cordwood for D. T. Adams on the Arthur Flint lot.

Wm. Bennett, we understand, spread the mortar in Ed Stone's house, last week.

H. H. Biebow is ready to saw white birch timber into spool stock at his mill, the coming winter.

D. T. Adams has lately killed a number of hogs and peddled out the lean meat. He has also peddled out one for G. S. Marr.

Advertised Letters, Norway.
Mrs. Edwin Lane,
Alice Fogg,
A. B. Dwinell,
J. S. Keene,
G. Fopin,
Mrs. Wm. T. Everett,
Joseph Lamere,
David A. Edwards,
Fred Kimball.

An Unlucky Bear.

Some months ago, Geo. L. Whitehouse of Lovell, an intrepid and successful hunter, caught a large bear in a steel trap somewhere near North Stonham. He was a shrewd fellow of the ranger species known as the "hog hunter," and he attached to his forearm, he at once made his exit though with some difficulty. On visiting the several traps, and Whitehouse this one missing, and taking the trail started in hot pursuit. He soon came upon the monster, who, after receiving a bullet or two, scrambled up a tall tree, trap, clog and all. Another shot caused him to lose his hold and fall headlong.

The clog caught in the fork of the tree bringing him up with a sudden jerk, severing the paw at the forearm, lacerating and tearing cords and sinews in the most horrid manner. Bruin fell to the ground but quickly recovered and made good his exit on three legs. Whitehouse recovered his trap by what means we did not learn.

On a recent visit to Chatham we learned that some Lovell boys had trapped a three-legged bear by his only fore paw, which gave little chance of escape. He in every way answered the description of the first mentioned which had been known as a noted sheep thief for several years. MARK TAPLEY.

FRYEBURG.

Mabel Perkins is home from her school at Bryant's Pond.

Mrs. J. L. Eastman is home from a visit in Portland.

Miss Eastman of Stow has been visiting friends in Fryeburg.

The Fryeburg Cornet Band will give a concert, Wednesday evening, last week.

The young ladies of the Congregational society are preparing an entertainment to be given, next Tuesday evening.

The next meeting of the Woman's club will include in its program papers on the botany and birds of this locality.

Principal E. R. Woodbury of the Academy, Rev. E. H. Abbott, Misses Locke, Page and Abbott, attended the teachers' convention held at Kezar Falls, last week.

An interesting meeting of the Chautauque circle was held with Mrs. Frank Locke, Monday evening, the earlier portion of English History being the subject of the lesson.

A very interesting address was given in the New Church, Sunday evening, by Rev. Howard M. Markley of Bridgton who spoke under the auspices of the Civic League. Mr. Markley's subject was "The Drink Problem." He emphasized the need of the beginning of its solution by the following agencies: education, and the creating of a strong public sentiment against the traffic of liquor drinking and selling, without allowing freedom to each state or community to enact its own suitable laws.

PORTER.

Lilla Rice is quite ill.

Charles Young has the telephone in his house.

Jesse Bickford killed his hog, which weighed 530 pounds.

Willie Norou has the telephone in his house, which saves him lots of steps to Kezar Falls.

Mrs. J. V. Harmon and her little daughter Edna have been visiting friends in Freedom, N. H., the past week.

The swardest and busiest man in our village is Joseph Towle. He believes in keeping things moving, which he does most of the time.

William Sawyer has moved into his new house. Mrs. Susie Sawyer will keep house for him and her son, Mark Sawyer, and wife will live with them.

Mrs. Clarence Libby is quite ill and is unable to do her work. Mrs. Aldow French has taken one of her children to her home, where she will care for it a while.

RUMFORD CENTRE.

Mrs. Geo. Curtis went to Bemis to see her husband, one day lately.

Charles Goodwin has been at work for Fred Abbott for the past week.

Asbury Hoyt and family spent Thanksgiving week at Mrs. Harriet Woods.

While Mrs. Frank Goodwin was away the visiting Frank came and built a good fire, then went in search of a deer. When he returned his house was in ashes. No insurance. A few of the neighbors got there and saved the stable.

WEST MINOT.

School closed, Friday, for two weeks vacation.

A. W. Bearce was at Auburn and Lewiston, Friday.

Lemont Allen is attending Lewiston business college.

Mrs. Augusta Rand of Auburn is visiting friends and relatives here.

There is to be a Thanksgiving ball in the Grange hall. Music by Mountain Orchestra.

A. J. James of New York was the guest of H. W. Bearce, last week. They started at 10 o'clock on their annual hunt for big game. They go to Fair.

West Minot Grange to the number of 45 visited Center Minot Grange, Nov. 16. They enjoyed the day very much. The lecture in the afternoon by Mr. Wentworth of Green on Alaska was very interesting.

Mrs. Dora Pool and son Frank of Stonham, Mass., have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Polly Perkins, the past week. Mr. Pool has recently arrived from Porto Rico, being a member of the 6th Mass. Regt.

STOW.

Clifford Eastman shot two deer, one day last week.

Warren Emerson has been quite sick for a few days.

Alfred Stanley of Lovell has been visiting Cora Emerson.

Frank Emery is going to Freedom to work for a few weeks.

Howard Charles of Lovell was in town, last week, looking for oxen.

Mark Charles and wife have gone to Framingham, Mass., to work.

Ashley Emerson and wife gave a reception, Nov. 5. There were about twenty-five present. A nice lot of presents were received and a good time was enjoyed by all.

INSOLVENCY COURT.

Assignees accounts filed in estate of Theodore Thayer, Paris, and Solon W. Flint, Waterford. Benjamin H. Bonney, Oxford, and Harry G. Douglass, Canton, filed petitions for discharge. Petition for declaration of dividend in estate of Charles A. Clifford, Rumford Falls, Discharge granted to J. Waldo Nash, charges were granted to J. Waldo Nash, Norway; Matthew McLeod, Wm. H. Littlefield and James E. McLellan, all of Rumford.

Died Suddenly.

In a Drug Store While on Her Way Home. Mrs. Adelbert F. Hicks of 114 South Noble street, Indianapolis, died in Hinder drug store at Pennsylvania and Washington streets, at 10:30 o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Hicks had been to the meeting of the State Association of Charities at Plymouth church, of which she was a member. Feeling ill, she went into the drug store and asked permission to sit down. A short time afterwards she was heard to groan and when the clerks in the store hurried to her side they found her dying. A physician was called and for half an hour he attempted in vain to revive her. At the time it was not known who she was. In a ring that she wore were engraved the words, "Leroy to Mother," which led to her identification. The body was taken to the city morgue and her son, Leroy Hicks, was notified. He was almost overcome by the shock of his mother's death. He said of late she had complained of symptoms of heart trouble. Mrs. Hicks was 67 years old. She was born and reared in Maine. She had resided in Indianapolis for many years. Her husband is a baggageman in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Mrs. Hicks was born in Woodstock, was married to Adelbert F. Hicks, fireman on the G. I. R. They lived in Gorham, N. H., eight years, had one son, Leroy. Thirty-two years ago, they went west to Indianapolis, Ind. He has been a baggageman since that time. Deceased, Mrs. Hicks was the daughter of Asa and Eliza Peckham. She leaves a husband and one son, two brothers, Kingman and Charles Peckham, and one sister, Mrs. Amos S. Bryant, living at Bryant's Pond.

OTISFIELD.

Joseph Gammon has gone to Harrison to spend the winter.

Mr. Wilber, who is stopping at the town farm, is very sick.

Rev. Mr. Graham of Bangor preached at the church at Spurr's Corner, last Sabbath.

Frank Smith of Cumberland Mills visited relatives and friends in this place, recently.

Eugene Edwards is building an addition to his house—a cook room and woodshed.

Mrs. Emma Morey is stopping with her daughter, Mrs. Chester French of North Norway.

Mrs. Millie Chaplin and her son Irvin visited her daughter, Mrs. Eugene Edwards, last week.

Josiah Medfield and wife of Edes' Falls, Asa Folsom and wife and Levi Maxfield were the guests of Hiram Edwards, last Sabbath.

DENMARK.

Mrs. Nathaniel Walker is still very sick.

The building of the road mentioned, last week, was let, last Thursday, to A. D. Fessenden for \$1.90 per rod.

Friday and Saturday last we had a very gracious rain. It was much needed as the lakes and streams were very low, and many of the deep wells.

Mrs. Witham who has been very low, the past week, is more comfortable. She has had a severe cold and cough, her weak and feeble condition it seemed to come very near taking her away.

Stephen Jewett has dug a well on the side of the hill in A. B. Ordway's field near the road and is putting water into his house and the school house.

Reuben Smith, Stephen Rowe and Andrew Smith have been his helpers.

Rev. C. S. Young of Lovell came to Denmark, Friday, the 11th, and bought A. H. Witham's Bacon mare, otherwise known as the Libby mare, and took her to his farm at Fryeburg.

Mrs. Young stopped over night with Mr. Witham and also called on Rev. Mr. Sargent and family.

Arrangements were made, the first of last week, to take Lizzie Davis, the daughter of the late Josiah Davis, to Augusta to the hospital, and Friday, A. P. Fingree, one of our selectest men, and Mrs. Frank True accompanied her to Augusta. It is fondly hoped that the change may be effectual in restoring her to soundness of mind. Much sympathy is expressed for her and her mother who is now left alone.

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STOW.

UNCLE JOHN AND THE RUBIES.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

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There may still be some very old men about town who remember the duel between Sir George Marston and Colonel Merridew; there may still be a venerable lawyer or two who recollect the celebrated case of Merridew versus Marston. With these exceptions the story probably survives only in the families interested in the matter and in the neighborhood where both the gentlemen flourished to this day. The whole affair, of which the duel was the first stage and the lawsuit the second, arose out of the disappearance of the maharajah's rubies. Sir George and the colonel had both spent many years in India. Sir George occupying various important positions in the company's service, the colonel seeking fortune on his own account. Chance had brought them together at the court of the maharajah of Nugeetabad, and they had struck up a friendship, tempered by jealousy. The maharajah favored both. We Marston maintained that Uncle John was the first favorite, but the Marstons declared that Sir George beat him, and I am bound to admit that they had a plausible ground for their contention, since, when both gentlemen were returning to England, the maharajah presented to Sir George the six magnificent stones which became famous as the maharajah's rubies, while Uncle John had to content himself with a couple of fine diamonds. The maharajah could not have expressed his preference more significantly. Both his friends were passionate lovers of jewels and understood very well the value of their respective presents. Uncle John, faced the situation boldly and declared that he had received the rubies. We, his family, dutifully accepted his version and were in the habit of laying great stress on his conscientiousness. The Marstons treated this tradition of ours with open incredulity. Whatever the truth was, the maharajah's action produced no immediate breach between the colonel and Sir George. They left the court together, arrived together at the port of Calcutta and came home together round the Cape. The trouble began only when Sir George discovered, at the moment he was leaving the ship, that he had lost the rubies. By this time Uncle John, who had disembarked a few hours earlier, was already at home displaying his diamonds to the relatives who had assembled to greet him.

Into the midst of this family gathering there burst the next day the angry form of Sir George Marston. He had driven, posthaste to his own house, which lay some ten miles from the colonel's, and had now ridden over at a gallop, and there, before the whole company, he charged Uncle John with having stolen the maharajah's rubies. The colonel, he said, was the only man on board who knew that he had the rubies or where the rubies were and the only man who had enjoyed constant and unrestricted access to the cabin in which they were hidden. Moreover, so Sir George declared, the colonel loved jewels more than honor, honesty or salvation. The colonel's answer was a cut with his riding whip. A challenge followed from Sir George. The duel was fought, and Sir George got a ball in his arm. As soon as he was well, my uncle, who had been the challenged party in the first encounter, saw his seconds to arrange another meeting. The cut with the whip disposed of the accusation remained. But Sir George refused to go out, declaring that the dock and not the field of honor was the proper place for Colonel Merridew. Uncle John, being denied the remedy of a gentleman, carried the case into the courts, although not into the court which Sir George had indicated.

An action of slander was entered and tried. Uncle John filled town and country with his complaints. He implored all and sundry to search him, to search his house, to search his park—to search everything searchable. A number of gentlemen formed themselves into a jury and did as he asked. Uncle John himself superintended their labors. No trace of the rubies was found. Sir George was unconvinced, the action went on, the jury gave the colonel £5,000, the colonel gave the money to charity, and Sir George Marston, meantime, his horse outside Westminster hall, observed loudly:

"By —, he stole them all the same!"

With this the story ended for the outer world. People were puzzled for awhile and then forgot the whole affair, but the Marstons did not forget it and would not be consoled for the loss of their rubies. Neither did we, the Merridews, forget. We were very proud of our family honor, and we made a point of being proud of the colonel also in spite of certain dubious stories which hung about his name. The feud persisted in all its bitterness. We hurried court to one another across the space that divided us, we were bitter opponents in all public affairs and absolute strangers when we met on private occasions. My father, who succeeded his uncle, the colonel, was a thoroughgoing adherent of his predecessor. Sir George's son, Sir Matthew, openly espoused his father's cause and accusation. Meanwhile no human eye had seen the maharajah's rubies from the hour at which they had disappeared from the cabin of the East Indianman Elephant.

A train of circumstances now began which made fair to repeat the moving story of Verona in one corner of the world. I myself being cast for the part of Romeo. As I was following the

Merridew had stolen them or not became a subordinate question. The great problem was, Where were they? Why were they not round Sylvia's neck? I suffered a sense of personal loss hardly less acute than the emotion that had brought Sir George Marston posthaste to the colonel's house 40 years before. I was so engrossed with this aspect of the case that, as my father and I sat over our cigarettes after dinner, I exclaimed inadvertently:

"How splendidly they'd have suited her, by Jove!"

Whenever anybody in our family spoke of "they" or "them" without further identification he was understood to refer to the maharajah's rubies. "Whom would they have suited?" asked my father.

"Why, Sylvia Marston," I said. "When you have an awkward disclosure to make, there is nothing like committing yourself to it at once by an irremediable discretion. It blocks the way back and clears the way forward. My mention of Sylvia Marston defined the position with absolute clearness."

"What's Sylvia Marston to you?" asked my father scornfully.

"The whole world and more!" I answered fervently.

My father rang the bell for coffee. When it had been served, he remarked:

"I think you had better take a run on the continent for a few months. Or what do you say to India? My Uncle John—"

"Mind you, I don't believe he took them," I interrupted.

"If you did, I shouldn't be sitting at the same table with you," observed my father.

"But she's the most charming girl I ever saw," I remarked, returning to the real point.

"I don't follow the connection of your thoughts," said my father.

There are one or two points that deserve mention here. The Marston property was a very nice one. Combined with ours, it would make a first class estate. Sir Matthew had no son, and Sylvia was his only daughter. To be personally opposed in everything by a neighbor is vexatious. My father was not really a convinced Home Ruler and had only appeared on platforms in that interest because Sir George was such a strong Unionist. Finally the duchess had said that her patient was exhausted with the squabbles of the Merridews and the Marstons and that, for her part, she wouldn't ask either of them. Now, my father cared as little for a duchess as any man alive, but the claret at Sangblew castle was proverbial.

"If," said my father at the end of a long discussion, "the man (he meant Sir Matthew Marston) will make an absolute and unreserved apology and withdraw all imputations on Uncle John's memory, I shall be willing to consider the matter."

"You might as well," I protested, "ask him to eat the rubies."

"I believe old Sir George did," answered my father grimly.

I must pass over the next two or three months briefly. Thwarted love ran its usual course. Sylvia (whose interview with Sir Matthew had been even more uncomfortable than mine with my father) peaked and pined and was sent to stay with an aunt at Cheltenham. She returned worse than ever. I went to Paris, where I enjoyed myself very well, but I came back incoherently with the sobriety of the Merridews and the Marstons and that, for her part, she wouldn't ask either of them. Now, my father cared as little for a duchess as any man alive, but the claret at Sangblew castle was proverbial.

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it covered a real and most material concession.

"Papa will never agree to that," said the sorrowfully, and no more he said.

Negotiations and parables continued. Sylvia grew thinner. I became absent and distrust in manner. After a month Sir Matthew forwarded fresh terms. They were as follows: Although Colonel Merridew may not have stolen the maharajah's rubies, yet a reasonable man would naturally have concluded that he had stolen the rubies. My father objected to this and proposed to substitute, "Although Colonel Merridew did not steal the maharajah's rubies, yet a reasonable man might not possibly think that he had stolen the rubies."

Sylvia and I built hopes on this last formula, but Sir Matthew unhappily objected to it. Matters came to a standstill again, and no progress was made until the vicar, having heard of the matter (indeed by now it was common property and excited great interest in the neighborhood), offered his services as mediator. He said that he was a peacemaker by virtue of his office and that he hoped to be able to draw up a statement of the case which would be palatable to both parties. Sir Matthew and my father gladly accepted his friendly offices, and the vicar withdrew to elaborate his eirenicon.

The vicar was a man of great intellectual subtlety, which he found very few opportunities of exercising. Therefore he enjoyed his new function extremely and was very busy riding to and fro between our house and the Marstons'. Sylvia and I grew impatient, but the vicar assured us that the result of hurrying matters would be an irretrievable rupture. We were obliged to submit and waited as resignedly as we could until the terms of peace should be finally settled. At last the welcome news came that the vicar, lying awake on Sunday night, had suddenly struck on a form of words to which both parties could subscribe with satisfaction and without loss of self respect. I called on the vicar before breakfast on Monday morning. He greeted me with evident pleasure.

"Yes," said he, rubbing his hands contentedly, "I think I have managed it this time." And he hummed a light-hearted tune.

"What is the form of statement?" I asked, for I could scarcely believe in the good news of his success.

"Why, this," answered the vicar. "Although there was no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well have supposed and had every reason for supposing that Colonel Merridew did steal the maharajah's rubies."

"That seems—very fair and equal," said I, after a moment's consideration.

"I think so, my dear young friend," said the vicar complacently. "I imagine that it will put an end to all trouble between your worthy father and Sir Matthew."

"I'm sure it must," I agreed.

"I have modeled it," pursued the vicar, holding out the piece of paper before him and regarding it lovingly. "I have modeled the form of it on—"

"On the Thirty-nine Articles," I suggested thoughtlessly.

"Not at all," said the vicar sharply. "On parliamentary apologies."

As may be supposed, Sylvia and I spent a day of feverish suspense, mitigated only by one another's company. The vicar rode first to Sir Matthew's. He reached there at 12:30 and remained to luncheon. Starting again at 3 (evidently Sir Matthew had been hard to move), he reached my father's at 4:30 and was closeted with him until 7 o'clock. I had parted with Sylvia about 6 and came to dinner. My father was then alone. I looked at him, but had not the nerve to ask him any questions. Presently he came and patted me on the shoulder.

"I have made a great sacrifice for your sake, my boy," said he. "Sir Matthew Marston and his daughter will dine here tomorrow." And he flung himself into a chair.

"Hurrah!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"The vicar is coming also," pursued my father, with a sigh, and he looked up at Uncle John's portrait, which hung over the mantelpiece. "I hope I have not done wrong," he added, seeming to ask the colonel's pardon in case any slight had been put upon his hallowed memory. The colonel smiled down upon us peacefully, seeming to enjoy the prospect of the glass of wine which he held between his fingers and was represented as being about to drink.

"It's a wonderfully characteristic portrait of dear old Uncle John," said my father, sighing again.

Now, reconciliations are extremely wholesome and desirable things. In this case, indeed, a reconciliation was an absolutely essential and necessary thing, since the happiness of Sylvia and myself entirely depended upon it, but it cannot, in my opinion, be maintained that they are in themselves cheerful functions. After all, they are funerals of quarrels, and men love their quarrels. The dinner held to seal the peace between Sir Matthew and my father was not enjoyable, considered purely as an entertainment. Both gentlemen were stiff and distant. Sylvia was shy, I embarrassed. The vicar bore the whole brunt of conversation. In fact, there were great difficulties. It was impossible to touch on the subject of the maharajah's rubies, and yet we were all thinking of the rubies and of nothing else. At last my father, in despair, took the bull by the horns. He was always in favor of a bold course, as Uncle John had been, he said.

"Over the mantelpiece," said he, turning to his guest, with a rather forced smile, "you will observe, Sir Matthew, a portrait of the late Colonel Merridew. It is considered an extremely good likeness."

Sir Matthew examined the colonel through his eyeglasses with a critical stare.

"It looks," said he, "very like what I have always supposed Colonel Merridew to have been—indeed exactly like."

My father frowned heavily. Sir Matthew's speech was open to unfavorable interpretation.

"You mean," interposed the vicar, "a man of courage and decision? Yes, yes, indeed, the face looks like the face of just such a man."

"Poor Uncle John!" sighed my father. "His last years were embittered by the unfounded aspersions!"

"I beg your pardon," said Sir

When Trains Leave Norway.

Leave Norway for Portland and Lewiston.
6:05, 9:20, a. m.; 4:05, p. m.
Leave Norway for Gorham and West.
9:45, a. m.; 3:25, 7:40 p. m.
*Including Sunday.

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West Paris... F. W. Ford's
Orders for single copies at 4 cents each sent direct to the office of publication will be promptly filled. Advertisers, Norway, Me.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Dr. S. A. Bennett has been confined to the house with la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hassan have moved here from Brockton, Mass. Mr. Hassan is working in the shoe factory.

J. A. Woodman is having some additional piping for steam done in the Beal's hotel, also registers put into a number of rooms.

Mrs. Chas. F. Knight, who has been stopping with her mother, Mrs. M. H. Harriman, for some weeks past, has returned to Portland.

Mrs. George T. Jaques, the new superintendent's wife at the shoe factory, came Thursday. They have taken rooms at the Beal's Hotel.

Ernest M. Noyes of Boston, son of the late Augustus Noyes, is visiting friends in this vicinity. He is to have a couple weeks vacation and is to do hunting. Mr. Noyes is a freeman on the Old Colony Railroad, having been there some three and a half years.

The Thanksgiving ball at the Opera House, Thursday evening, is being anticipated with a good deal of pleasure by all who enjoy dancing. The management are making every effort for a fine time. The members of Penesseewassee Lodge, K. of P., have it in charge, and without doubt this will be their fifteenth successful annual Thanksgiving ball.

Mrs. Charles H. Adams is seriously ill with paralysis.

John H. Burnham and wife have returned from a three weeks visit to relatives in Waterford.

Don't forget the Thanksgiving Ball, Thursday evening, at the Opera House. A good time guaranteed to all.

The following plays have been booked for the Norway Opera House: Tuesday, Dec. 28th, The Female Soldier; Thursday, Dec. 29th, The Spanish-American War Views; and on Monday, Dec. 30th, The Country Merchant.

The absent ones of your family will be home on Thanksgiving. Remember and suggest to them when here that the Advertiser contains the local news and that now is a good time for them to subscribe and have the paper come to them regularly. Will send the paper to any post-office in the U. S. for \$1.50 per year, cash in advance.

John Burnham has been visiting Forest and C. W. Abbott at Bridgton.

Union Thanksgiving service in the Congregational church, Wednesday evening.

W. H. Knowland is away from the office of B. F. Spinney & Co. for a two weeks' vacation.

J. B. Webb of Portland, who has managed the Norway corn factory the past season, has about finished his work here and will soon return to Portland.

Sophia B. Haines of Portland came to Norway week before last to visit Mrs. Herman L. Horne. She has spent several weeks with Mrs. Horne for a number of winters. Miss Haines had had a bad cold for some time, but was taken worse the last of the week and pneumonia was feared. Sunday morning, she quietly passed away with heart failure while she was sleeping. Miss Haines was the last of a family of several brothers and sisters none of whom were ever married but who after the death of their parents lived together at their home in Portland. She was a musician, and used to teach music and was also organist in a church in Portland till old age compelled her to give up the labor. She was well advanced in years, but was so active she seemed much younger than she was. She was a very pleasant and agreeable lady to meet and had many friends.

These three men were going by A. L. Sanborn & Co.'s store, this week, and saw one of those raw edge Melton suits they are selling for \$10.00 on a form at the door. They were struck by the neat appearance and stopped to examine, noted the fine workmanship, the extra quality of the goods, style, etc., and stepped inside. They wanted to be fitted to a suit each, saying they never saw them matched for less than \$13.50. They said they didn't see how such an elegant suit could be sold for such a small amount of money.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Mary Bisbee is visiting friends in New York and New Jersey.

Mrs. Hattie G. Rumery has been visiting relatives in Biddeford.

Wawaunka Tribe, L. O. R. M., have a peace dance, Wednesday evening.

Union Thanksgiving services at the Baptist church, Thursday evening. Sermon by Rev. E. W. Webber of the Universalist church.

It is said that a member of the Lewiston board of water commissioners has said that the law against throwing refuse in the river is worded so that the parties above here who dump pulp and saw mill waste into the water can be forced to furnish the filter which is so badly needed for our water works. It would cost \$40,000 to \$60,000. The trouble is that the greatest sinners in that mill waste matter are in New Hampshire.

Blazing Star Lodge, F. & A. M., officers were publicly installed by Most Worshipful Grand Master Joseph A. Locke of Portland, Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, as follows:

W. M., R. Brooks Stratton.
S. W., John J. Talhoun.
J. W., Virgil A. L. L. L.
Tr., Fred O. Walker.
S., Fred A. Porter.
S. D., Gerald A. Haddock.
J. D., Frank R. Reed.
S. E., Bert L. Rounds.
J. S., Gardner Grady.
M., Stanley Bisbee.
C. E., George B. Hammarford.
Ty., C. Fred Abbott.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O-COFFEE. The most delicate stomach receives without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over a cent. Children may drink it with great benefit. 10 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

THE ZOUAVE.

On the evening of my story George Lory, the first blacksmith of Sainte-Marie-de-mines, was in an unhappy frame of mind.

It had always been his habit as soon as the forge fire was extinct and the sun had set to seat himself on a bench before his door, and while enjoying that lassitude which hard work on a warm day leaves behind it, drink several pots of beer with his apprentices before sending them away.

But on this particular evening the good man remained at the forge until it was time to go to the supper table, and then went reluctantly into the house.

"What can be the matter with him?" thought his wife. "Perhaps he has received some bad news from the regiment that he does not wish to tell me. Perhaps our son is ill."

But as she dared not ask she occupied herself in trying to quiet her three flaxen headed youngsters, whose laughing faces appeared around the board, where they were munching a salad of black radishes and cream.

At last the blacksmith pushed away his plate, exclaiming angrily:

"Oh, the cowards! Oh, the scoundrels!"

"What is the matter, Lory?" asked his wife.

Then the root of the whole matter came to light.

"I am speaking of those five or six scoundrels whom any one could have seen this morning rambling round the village in the uniforms of French soldiers arm in arm with the Bavarians. Yes, it is such as these—what shall I call them—who have chosen to become Prussians! And to think we will have to see these false Alsatians coming back every day from Africa! What magic potion have they drunk to make them change this way?"

His wife, motherlike, immediately attempted the defense of the abused.

"What would you have otherwise, my poor husband?" said she. "This return is hardly the fault of these children. Algiers, where they were sent, is so far away that they were homesick, and it must have been such a temptation for them to come back, such a temptation not to have to be soldiers any longer!"

Lory struck the table with his fist fiercely.

"Hush, mother! You women never understand anything. Living for your children and with your children makes you lower your mind to the level of the intellect of the youngsters. As for me, I say to you again that these men are beggars, scoundrels, the worst kind of cowards, and if ill luck should make our Christian capable of such infamy as theirs, as true as my name's George Lory and that I have served seven years as a French soldier I would run him through with my sword." And with a terrible look, half rising, the blacksmith pointed to his son's picture on the wall beneath his son's picture—a portrait taken in Africa of a soldier in zouave uniform, but with such an honest Alsatian face, tanned by the sun, that the sight suddenly calmed the father, and he said laughingly:

"It was well I looked at the picture. As if our Christian could become a Prussian!"

Put into a better humor by this idea, the good man gayly finished his dinner, and soon followed it up with a couple of pints of beer at the Ville de Strasbourg inn.

At last his wife was alone!

After putting the little flaxen heads to bed and listening to their prattle in the next room, which sounded like a nestful of birds going to sleep, she took her work and sat down to knit before the door at the garden side of the house. From time to time she sighed as she thought, "Yes, I know it well, they are cowards and renegades; but what does it matter. Their mothers will be glad to see them back once more all the same."

And she thought of the times before her son had gone with the army, how at this hour of the day he used to devote himself to the care of the garden. In her mind she could see him, clad in blouse, his hair long, his beautiful hair which they had cut off when he became a zouave, filling his watering can at the well near by her.

Suddenly she started. The little gate at the end of the garden which opened on the fields was ajar. The dogs had not barked, notwithstanding the fact that some one had come over the wall like a robber and was gliding in and out among the beehives.

"Mother!"

Her Christian stood before her, ashamed and troubled, his tongue thick from drink, his uniform disheveled. The miserable lad had returned from Africa with the others, but for an hour had been rambling outside the house waiting for his father's departure. His mother felt it her duty to scold him, but she had not the heart to do it. It had been such a long time since she had seen him. So she embraced him instead.

Then he gave her such good reasons for his return. He hated the country where he had been. It grieved him to be so far away from home, and his comrades called him a Prussian because of his Alsatian accent. He told her all this, and she believed it. She only had to look at him to believe anything.

Talking incessantly, they entered the house.

The youngsters awoke and ran in in their nightgowns, barefooted, to embrace their big brother. They wanted him to eat something, but he was not hungry, only thirsty—oh, so thirsty! So he drank pints of water in place of the wine and beer to which he had been treating himself all day at the inn.

A step was heard in the court. Alas, it was the blacksmith returning!

"Christian, there is your father. Hide yourself quickly until I have time to speak to him to explain all!" cried the mother, pushing her son behind the great earthenware stove, while she started to serving once more with trembling fingers. Unfortunately the zouave's cap rested on a chair, and it was the first thing Lory saw when he entered. This,

then, explained his wife's pallor, her embarrassment. He understood it all. "Christian is here!" he cried furiously, and, taking down his saber, with a gesture of rage rushed behind the stove, where the zouave, pale and sobered, was crouching, leaning against the wall for fear of falling.

The mother threw herself between them.

"Lory, Lory, do not kill him!" she cried. "It was I who wrote him to return—that you needed him at the forge."

She clung to her husband's arm, and, sobbing, dragged him back, and in their room the weeping children could hear their parents' voices—one full of tears, the other of anger, so changed that they could hardly recognize them.

The blacksmith stood still a moment and looked at his wife.

"Ah, it was you, was it, that made him return? Very well. He may go back. I shall see what I will do in the morning."

The next day Christian awoke after sleep full of nightmare and terror to find himself in the room where he had slept when a child. Across the little lead framed panes grew a hop vine in flower, and the sun was already high in the heavens. Below the hammers sounded on the anvil.

His mother was at his bedside. She had not left him during the night because she feared her husband's rage might return. Her husband also had not sought his couch, for until it was dawn he had walked about the house, weeping, sighing, opening and shutting the drawers of the presses, and now that it was day had quietly entered his son's room, dressed as for a journey, with high gaiters, a large hat and carrying an iron ferruled mountaineer's staff. He came up to the bed, saying only, "Get up!"

The boy, a trifle confused, started to put on his zouave uniform, started to

"Not that," said his father sternly. "But he has no others," his mother interposed.

"Give him mine, then. I shall not need them any more."

While his son was dressing, Lory carefully folded the uniform, and making a package of it, hung it by its strap over the end of his stick.

"Now come down stairs," he said at last, and the three went down to the forge without speaking. The bellows roared, the men were at work. The sight of the open shed, how he had played there so long between the warm road and the door where the sparks of the forge shone in the black coal dust. A feeling of tenderness came over him, a desire to have his father's pardon, but when he lifted his eyes he encountered an inexorable glance. At last the blacksmith spoke:

"My son," said he, "here are the anvil and the tools; all are yours. And all this, too," added he, pointing to the little garden, full of the sunlight, and the humming of bees, framed in the be-smoked doorway. "The hives, the vines, the house, all belong to you. As you have sacrificed your honor for these things it is only right that you should take care of them. You are master over all here. As for me, I am going away. You owe five years to France, and I am going to pay them for you."

"Lory, Lory, where are you going?" cried his poor wife.

"Father!" wept his son.

But the blacksmith had gone, walking away with great strides without turning once.

At Sidrebel-Abbes, at the garrison of the Third zouaves, not many days later there was enrolled among those who had enlisted as volunteers, one whose age had passed half a century by five years.—From the French of Alphonse Daudet for Short Stories.

Birds' Warnings.

Birds have separate notes of warning to indicate whether danger is in the form of a hawk or a cat or of a man. If a hawk, cat or owl is on the move, the birds, especially blackbirds, always utter a clattering note, constantly repeated, and chickens have a special sound to indicate the presence of a hawk. But when disturbed by man the blackbirds have quite a different sound of alarm, and the chickens also. Animals on the march are usually silent, but the hamadryad baboons use several words of command, and the cries of cranes and geese when flying in ordered flocks are very possibly signals or orders.

Cutting Down Competition.

"I saved \$500 this year by moving."

"Cheaper house?"

"No; I found that my wife was trying to outdress a rich woman in the same block." —Chicago Record.

His Worst Offense.

When it was proposed to lessen the list of crimes punished by death, Lord Eldon objected to the noise being banished in cases of petty shoplifting. The small shopkeepers will be ruined by this exemption," said the old Tory lord chancellor.

Another Tory, a judge, so venerated the sovereign that he included in his regard any article belonging to the king, no matter how far removed from actual possession. A tailor had been condemned for the murder of a soldier, and the judge tacked on this addition to the sentence of death:

"And not only did you murder him, but you did thrust or push or pierce or project or propel the lethal weapon through the holy band of his breeches, which were his majesty's!"

Past Salaries of Actors.

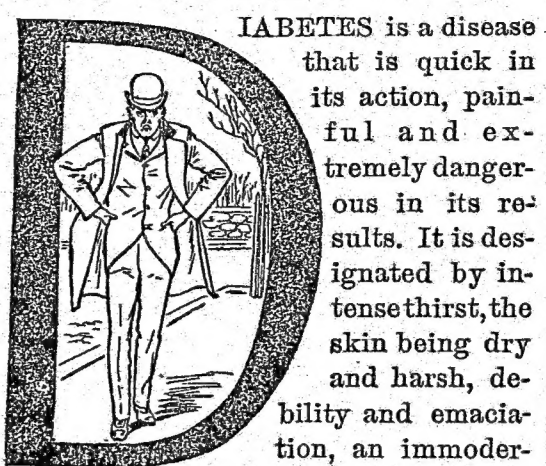
A number of autograph letters of Edmund Kean supply some interesting information about the salaries of actors early in the century. One relates to an offer by Mr. Ellison offering Kean \$3 a week as acting manager of "the new theater in Wyndham street." Later this rose as high as \$25 a month. In 1826 Kean was offered \$12,000 a year to go to America. In the prime of his popularity he received \$200 for a week in Edinburgh, and apparently reached the highest point when Mr. Bunn wrote from the Theater Royal, Dublin, on Feb. 8, 1829, and offered him \$50 a night to play in Dublin and Cork.

DIABETES

A Disease Feared, With Good Reason.

Due Generally to a Catarrhal Affection.

Pe-ru-na, the Catarrh Cure, is the Sufferer's Salvation.



DIABETES is a disease that is quick in its action, painful and extremely dangerous in its results. It is designated by intense thirst, the skin being dry and harsh, debility and emaciation, an immoderate amount of urine is passed, while the appetite is most always voracious. The disease is really due to a disordered state of the nervous system. The kidneys appear to be affected on account of the additional labor placed upon them. The cause is directly traceable to catarrh. Pe-ru-na cures catarrh every time, so Pe-ru-na will cure Diabetes. The following case well illustrates this:—"I will soon be 73 years old and now enjoy good health, after having been nearly dead. No doctor could help me, but Pe-ru-na did. The first bottle did me good, Pe-ru-na saved my life. N. M. Geil, Des Moines, Iowa." Druggists everywhere sell Pe-ru-na. Ask any druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for the year 1899.

NORWAY CLOTHING HOUSE



For Men, Youths and Boys!

The kind that keep you warm at the following low prices:

\$2.50 and Upwards for Boys,

\$4 and Upwards for Youths,

\$4.50 and Upwards for Men.

Also Boys' Reefers with or without ulster collars, \$2 to \$5.

Call and see them before you buy.

A. L. Sanborn & Co.

132 Main street.

16 Cabinets for \$1.25!

The best made on stock which will not fade. Price raised Jan. 1. Picture frames 60 per cent less than others sell them. Big cut in crayon copies.

ETHEL M. CHASE, Brown street.

Stove Wood For Sale.

Fifty cords, more or less, good dry, hard wood, cut for the stove. Will deliver it in Norway village in quantities to suit purchasers, for \$4.50 per cord. Call on or address

GEO. A. COLE, Norway, Maine.

Agent for McIntire, Whitney & Co.

Special Premium Offer: We will send Artistic Home Furnishing for People of Moderate Means, as above described, by mail post-paid upon receipt of \$1.75. \$1.75 in addition to our regular subscription price, so you practically get the book for only 25c. Address:

F. W. SANBORN, Norway, Maine.

Actual Business

by mail and railroad.

Office Practice

for beginners.

Students

assisted to positions.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO PENMANSHIP AND SHORTHAND.

FREE CATALOGUE.

Address

F. L. SHAW, President,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

Outings

For the price are about the best cold weather goods ever invented. Heavy, Soft and warm. Extra good for Night Dresses, Children's Dresses, Men's Shirts, etc.

We Have

1 Lot Remnants selling for - 5c yd.

1 Lot Heavy Outings, good style, - 8c yd.

1 Lot Extra Heavy and fine styles, - 10c yd.

A Stimulant

In Linen Department. 1 lot Heavy Huck

Towels, Hemstitched, Size 18 in. x 36 in.,

weight 2 3-4 lbs. to the doz. Regular price

18c each. For this sale 2 for 25c.

THOMAS SMILEY, NORWAY, ME.

SEVENTH ANNUAL SALE OF CANDY AND NUTS.

We have got a Good Mixed Candy to sell you for 7c per pound. This is not all gum drops either, but the same thing we have always sold for Christmas.

All kinds of Nuts at our usual low prices. Also Oranges, Grapes, Raisins, Dates, Figs, etc., to help make up your Thanksgiving Dinner.

E. F. BICKNELL, NORWAY, MAINE.

Next to Opera House.

UNDERWEAR.

Underflannels, thick and thin.

Wool and cotton, large and small.

Ladies, misses, children, babies.

Sure we try to fit them all.

Stockings, just right to wear with these.

Heavy cotton, fleeced and wool.

Four to ten, small and outsizes.

In these lines the stock is full.

Night robes, many grades and prices.

Muslin, hamburg trimmed and outing.

Forty-five cents to two dollars.

We'd like to show them to the doubting.

Corsets have we long and short waist.

Black and white, drab, pink and blue.

Many styles to fit all figures.

Sizes eighteen to thirty-two.

Call and see us if you're needing.

Aught to keep you warm, this fall;

At the old place we're extending

Cordial welcome to you all.

S. B. & Z. S. Prince,

HORNE BLOCK, NORWAY, ME.

ARTISTIC HOME FURNISHING

FOR PEOPLE OF MODERATE MEANS.

"Artistic Home Furnishing for People of Moderate Means" is the title of a new book written by Mrs. Julia Darrow Cowles, and just published in a handsome 16mo. volume of about 200 pages, well printed from large type on good paper, embellished with 29 handsome half-tone and line engravings, and beautifully bound in silk-finished cloth, stamped in black and gold. We cannot better explain the purpose of this book than by quoting from the author's preface, as follows: "The author of 'Artistic Home Furnishing for People of Moderate Means' believes that the simplest room may be made interesting, attractive and home-like; and that good taste and intelligent planning combined will enable the home-keeper of whatever financial condition to so arrange her home as to meet these three requirements. The book is not intended for the rich, but for women who plan to make the most of each dollar used, and special attention is given to those whose own deft hands must construct what they cannot afford to buy." The following are the titles of some of the chapters: "Floor Coverings," "Walls and Ceilings," "Color Schemes," "Reception Room or Hall," "Parlor," "Sitting Room," "Library," "Dining Room," "Kitchen," "Bed Room," "Bath," "Kitchen Furnishings," "Pantry and Closets," "Drapery," "Curtain Corners and Window Seats," "Pictures and Frames," "Home Made Furnishings," "To Paper and Paint a Room," "To valuable by all who desire to add to the attractiveness of their homes at small cost. We will send 'Artistic Home Furnishing for People of Moderate Means' by mail post-paid upon receipt of \$1.75. \$1.75 in addition to our regular subscription price, so you practically get the book for only 25c. Address:

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PORTLAND, MAINE.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FRYEBURG CENTER.

Mrs. F. N. Frye is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Dexter Wiley returned from a visit in Boston, last week.

Dexter Wiley had a raising, Nov. 21st, for an addition to his barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buzzell of Coston are visiting Mrs. Buzzell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hutchins.

Mrs. Hannah Walker closes her house soon, and will go to her sister's, Mrs. Pendexter's, in Bartlett, N. H.

Enoch Barker who has been in Portland, the past month, has returned to Mrs. Betsy Gordon's at Toll Bridge.

Misses Hattie and Josie Adams, Buzzell and Mesdames are expected home from Gorham Normal School for the Thanksgiving recess.

Mandana Barker, wife of Thomas McIntire, esq., died very suddenly of apoplexy, Nov. 13, aged about fifty-five. She was a very estimable woman and will be much missed by her friends and neighbors. She leaves a son, Oliver, who lives at the village, one sister, Mrs. Edward McIntire, and a brother, Percy Barker, living in Boston, Mass.

NORTH FRYEBURG.

Mrs. L. Giles went to Portland, Friday. Chas. P. Smith has gone to A. Price's to work.

Alta Charles has been visiting Mrs. D. M. Andrews.

Frank Knox is plastering the upper part of his house.

C. P. Giles is able to be out and around the store soon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Pitman have been visiting relatives in this place.

Frank Giles is improving in health. He has gone into business in his home in Denver.

School closed, Friday, Nov. 19, for a week's vacation. Miss Rockford has been engaged to teach the winter term.

Mrs. Anson Charles and Mrs. Winslow Walker and children went to Massachusetts on the last excursion from Conway.

RUMFORD.

Mrs. R. W. Needham is in poor health.

Henry Barker is working for George Virgin at Hanover.

Mrs. G. A. Ray is confined to the bed with a severe cold.

Lillian Proctor from Mexico is visiting at Asa Martin's.

Mrs. Stevens has sold the goods from the store of the late W. W. Stevens to parties at Locke's Mills.

Edwin Martin is home from Bethel, where he has been attending Gould Academy. He will stay at home two weeks and then go back to resume his studies.

Mrs. Geo. Ray's daughter, Mrs. Donnell, is expected, this week.

Ezra Morton and Geo. Jackson have each shot a deer, the past week.

Lucinda Marston of Andover is stopping with her sister, Mrs. S. L. Moody. Ernest Barker and wife of Brooklyn, N. Y., are expected to spend Thanksgiving with his father, E. A. Barker.

Business will be continued at the W. E. Austin machine shop on Greenleaf Avenue, Norway, Me. All orders for work will receive prompt attention.

47th
CEO. AUSTIN, Adm.

Seize it \$4 to \$11 A DAY

at Your Own Home. Grasp this opportunity to-day. Secure the biggest, quickest, easiest money making chance ever heard of, for either sex, a sure thing, a monopoly and no risk. Delightful to ladies and men. Offer open to only one in a locality, don't let it slip. No experience needed, we explain all you start at once making money faster than you ever expected. Answer now before you forget it. Postal will do. Swan & Co., Lock box 65, 47-49
Norway, Maine.

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HASTINGS.

Mrs. Joseph Lamonte is in quite poor health.

Quite a number of deer have been shot in this vicinity.

Minnie Taylor has returned to her home in Lewiston.

Mrs. Mattie Griffin, who has been sick for a long time, is gaining.

Dorothy Hobson is at home from Island Pond, where she has been attending school.

Wm. Daniels' family left for their western home, last week. They will be missed here, having lived here seven years.

Alice Bisbee of Norway and her sister George of Bryant's Pond visited in town a few days last week, the guests of Mrs. Frank Coffin and Mrs. Burnham Rice.

EAST WATERFORD.

Henry Haggitt is gaining slowly.

G. L. Hilton has bought another horse. Shooting match at Ames', Wednesday afternoon.

Frank Millett has hired with Will Chubbourn for the coming year.

The schools are suspended, this week, for Thanksgiving and a short rest.

George Gray has resumed his old position on the mail coach from the junction to North Lovell.

Mrs. Rose Millett and her daughter Willmur have moved from Sabattis to her parental home at P. N. Haskell's. Mrs. M. is in very poor health.

Pedestrians, equestrians, teamsters and travelers in general have of late been somewhat jeopardized by the large amount of rifle shooting across the highways. Boys must remember this is an unlawful, as well as careless act, and may result in disaster and trouble if persisted in.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Ivan and Erie Stowe have each shot a deer.

H. M. Kendall has been hauling hay to C. B. Foster's.

Fred Eames has completed his work at C. B. Foster's.

David Fleet will yard birch for Jacob Thurston, this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Williamson have gone to Conway, N. H., where they expect to spend the winter.

Will Powers, Andrew Jackson and Elmer Trask have gone to Swift river to work for Baker Thurston.

Mr. Corson of Waterville, a missionary colporteur employed by the Bible Society of Maine, was canvassing this town, last week.

EAST SUMNER.

A. Pomeroy has sold his big bay colt. The farmers who planted corn for the M. P. Co. will be paid, this week.

John Harris and I. Bonney are loading wood for Auburn and Lewiston parties.

H. F. Ripley has the addition to his blacksmith shop up and boarded and shingled.

Rev. Mr. Murray has returned from Boston, where he has been to take his wife to the hospital.

T. W. Bonney has just returned from northern Oxford county bringing a bear skin which he trapped.

EAST HEBRON.

Isaac Marshall is having a dormer window put in the roof of his buildings.

East Hebron has a new station agent, a Mr. Kimbly in the place of Frank Purinton.

Shirley Tuttle returned to Chelsea, Mass., last week. He has a job in electric light works.

Emma Russell is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. H. Keene. She has not been here for the past three years.

The farmers are now ready for winter work. The late rain has filled swamps with water for the lumbermen.

Mrs. J. E. Bonney has been quite sick of late with a trouble across the chest, causing her intense suffering several times during the day.

L. R. Hodson and H. A. Record raised their blacksmith shop, last week, and are boarding it. They intend to commence work there in the near future.

F. E. Whiting and family were in church, last Sabbath. His wife is helping her sister, Mrs. Rufus Haskell, of Turner to care for her daughter who is very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pierce entertained their neighbors, last Wednesday evening. Mr. Walsh favored the company with fine music from his violin. Dancing, songs and recitations was the order of the exercises.

S. H. Keene had a severe paralytic shock on Thursday night of last week. He had been in the barn a short time and was taken suddenly ill, but got to the house and laid down and called so the family heard and came into the room. He could talk some at that time. He said, "I think I have had a shock, if I have it is all right and if I haven't it is all right." A physician was immediately sent for, but his speech had left him before the doctor arrived. He has failed since and on Sunday p. m. they thought he was sinking away. His children all came home as soon as the news reached them. He is seventy-five years old.

This year, Mr. Brooks has been chairman of a committee which had charge of building a new church. Ground was broken on Elm street, May 15th, for the erection of the edifice. The exercises attending the laying of the corner stone were held, June 10. The building was dedicated to the service of God by Presiding Elder Corey, on Friday, Nov. 18. It has a regular seating capacity of 300, 101 active members and 10 associate members. Mr. Brooks has also, during his pastorate in Yarmouthville, administered the rites of baptism to 28 persons, attended 24 funerals, married 6 couples, and during the year of 1897, made 1,039 pastoral calls.

At the conference held in April, 1897, Mr. Brooks was assigned to the church at Yarmouthville. He assumed his new charge, which was made up of twenty-three members on the rolls. During the year and a half of his pastorate, the church has grown to a membership of 105 members, including probationers. February 7th of the present year, an Epworth League was organized with 47 members. The League, to-day, numbers 101 active members and 10 associate members. Mr. Brooks has also, during his pastorate in Yarmouthville, administered the rites of baptism to 28 persons, attended 24 funerals, married 6 couples, and during the year of 1897, made 1,039 pastoral calls.

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